

Snoop Dogg

"Staxx In My Jeans"

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Staxxx in my jeans, Phantom up in my garage [x2]
My pockets look like Rerun, your pockets look like Rodg.

It's the same story, a nigga rich,
I'm on some nigga shit, and you're nigga bitch!
You better check 'em, tell 'em I'm off the chain,
I buck and bang, homie that's only game,
Oh I ain't got a problem, you see me get the staxxx,
You see I bought the Phantom, 24's don't come with
that,
I've been around the world, check gripping every state,
You bitch don't like me, she fake, so people might call
it hate,
But I don't give a damn, a boss's life is how I make that
bread,
Toss the mic and I'll still be richer than rich and have
you bitch make my bed,
My pockets fat as shit, you niggas mad as shit,
Fuck neither Warner bro's, I'm on some Gladys shit,
Many have tried and failed, shit I'm out on bail,
I make more cheese than your old man and he went to
Yale,
Shit I went to jail, you can go to hell,
You got some shit to tell, I got some shit to sell.

[Chorus:]

I got staxxx in my jeans Phantom up in my garage,
I got staxxx in my jeans Phantom up in my garage,
I got staxxx in my jeans Phantom up in my garage
(yeah!)
My pockets look like Rerun, your pockets look like Rodg.

Candy paint dripping, look at all them bags,
I had to show and brag, 'cause being broke's a drag,
I gotta get this paper, my kids they gotta eat!
We got a lot of heat, just case them dollars, cease,
Been out for balling, shot calling and I make that
change,
And I don't want the Range, chop that spray on things,
That's how gangsters do it, we get our green and
bricks,

We put our green in blunts, you spend your green on chicks,
I'm on some player shit, dynasty straight Lakers shit,
Cook it up on some baker shit, and chop it up on some paper bitch!
I got my mind right, and my money right,
If you ain't in the game for the money, you the funny type,
And I'm laughing my ass off, Phantom with the mask off,
Legal, so they hating when I gas off,
You know how Snoopy does it, Phantom, don't bitch touch it,
One hundred thousand a show, I'm getting dough like fuck!

[Chorus]

Look how that flag hanging, gangbanging I ain't no punk,
Maintain till that thing came out the truck, make that (A)K go pop pop pop!
I'm about my bidness boy, making money never been so smooth,
You bitch you're about to lose, 'cause she's about to choose!
And that's the way it goes, S N double O,
You want that quiet type, I want that trouble ho!
Now go get paper girl, yeah, I meant for real,
One time I told a bitch not to come back till she got two thousand dollars in two dollar bills! (Wow!)
That's cold game, a ho thing,
I'm high as Soul Plane, I smoked the whole thing,
You know how daddy do it, I'm true to it,
I take a cocaine, bew it then put some blue to it!
That's some gangster shit, these hoes love this gangster dick,
Khaki's and some gangster kicks, yeah, bitch, that's my gangster fit,
I'm balling boy, and you ain't got to ask,
She all about this pimping, I'm all about this cash,

[Chorus]

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